

THE WAR DAY BY DAY

Fifty Years Ago

December, 3, 1863—The Army of the Potomac, After a Rapid Retreat from Mine Run, Reached Its Old Camps Near the Rappahannock, at Brandy Station, and Went Into Winter Quarters—End of a Disappointing Campaign.

(Written expressly for The Herald.)



A BIT OF BEAUTY amid the horrors of war—MINE RUN IN MIDWINTER.

Fifty years ago today the Army of the Potomac, after a rapid retreat from Mine Run, south of the Rappahannock River, reached its old camps near the Rappahannock at Brandy Station, and went into winter quarters.

This was the end of the last campaign of the year in Virginia. It had been brief and to the Federalists disappointing. Gen. George G. Meade had hoped by a rapid movement to turn the position occupied by Gen. Lee's Confederate army, south of the Rappahannock, gain Lee's rear, and cut his forces in two, for they were much spread out, southward, in their winter camps.

The campaign, well planned, had failed from two specific causes, the army had been delayed on the march through one of its corps, the Third, going astray and encountering the enemy, who had learned of the movement; Lee had swiftly and ably fortified a line of defense along Mine Run, across the path of the Federals, and had presented such a formidable front that Meade did not deliver battle. The climax had come on November 30, when the Federal army was ordered to attack. Gen. Meade's first plan of attack had been to assault in three columns, at the center, left and right of the Confederate line, which was seven miles long. This plan was changed at the request of Gen. G. K. Warren, who believed he could crush, and turn the right flank of the Confederates.

Early in the morning, when his men were planning slips of paper on their clothing bearing their names, in preparation for the assault, Gen. Warren viewed the Confederates' works and decided that they were too strong to be carried by assault.

With this change of opinion the Federal plans crumbled. The enemy had been warned by artillery fire of the intended assault, and had strengthened the weak points in their line. It seemed to Gen. Meade now too late to make other plans. He decided, however, to await the developments of a day.

Fire Left Burning.
Through December 1, the Federal troops—numbering about 60,000 men—lay in bitter cold among the woods and thickets on the hills and in the valleys, in front of the Confederate position along Mine Run. Gen. Lee's troops remained behind their hastily built, but formidable works, waiting attack.

It was not Lee's purpose, however, to

ford eagerly, for on the far bank were the wagons with fresh meat.
The weather was now milder and the campaign with much more promise.

By night of the 3d some of the troops had reached the comforts of the camps they had quitted a week before. By nightfall on December 2 the entire army was back in camp. Some commands had marched nearly forty miles in twenty-four hours.

Losses of the Campaign.
Although the great battle that Gen. Meade had expected to bring about had not been fought, there had been some loss of men in the campaign. The enemy had skirmished heavily with the right of the army on its outward march, and there had been artillery fire, skirmishing, and sharpshooting at Mine Run that had cost lives.

The losses were fourteen officers and 159 enlisted men killed; fifty-two officers and 1,047 enlisted men wounded, and eleven officers and 570 men wounded, straggled or missing, a total of 1,652.

The officers killed were:
Lieut. James M. Brown, Seventeenth Maine; Acting Lieut. Francis O. Lombard, First Massachusetts Cavalry; Lieut. David B. Wyker, Fifth Michigan; Lieut. Edward Jamieson, First New Jersey Cavalry; Capt. Henry J. McDunough, Seventy-second New York; Capt. Sylvanus A. Wilcox, First New York; Lieut. James A. Fox, Eleventh Ohio; Capt. John D. Sloan, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania; Capt. Milton S. Davis, Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania; Lieut. Col. Theodore Heiser, Seventeenth Pennsylvania; Capt. David J. Phillips, Eighty-first Pennsylvania; Lieut. James Vanauken, Eleventh Pennsylvania; Lieut. Col. Caspar Trepp, and Lieut. Thomas Conington, First United States Sharpshooters.

Officers mortally wounded: Capt. Ellis M. Sawyer, Seventeenth Maine; Lieut. Dwight Newbury, Fifteenth Massachusetts; Capt. Ira B. Alexander, Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Meade Expects Disasters.
Gen. Meade felt keenly the failure of his final campaign of the year. He had undertaken it in deference to public opinion. His failure was due to his inability to bring about the prompt concentration of his army at the point selected, and to the speed with which Lee took up and fortified a new line.

Owing to hostile criticism of his pursuit of Lee after Gettysburg, Gen. Meade had become sensitive to public opinion. His inability later to bring Lee to battle under favorable conditions increased that sensitiveness.

"Letter writers and politicians will denounce me," he wrote his wife on his return to the Rappahannock from Mine Run. "Finally the administration will be obliged to yield to the popular clamor and discard me. For all this I am prepared, fortified by a clear conscience."

A week later he wrote, "I am still on the anxious bench."
Gen. Meade was not wrong in supposing the administration was considering his relief from command. But Lincoln was not the man to relieve a general without a bearing, and Meade's official report was awaited as a basis on which to proceed. The report was to prove satisfactory to the administration, and Gen. Meade was to be retained in command of the Army of the Potomac.

Tomorrow: Siege of Knoxville raised.
(Copyright, 1913.)

MENU FOR TODAY.

Breakfast.
Fruit Stewed Potatoes Coffee
English Muffins
Lunch.
Potato and Egg Salad
Toasted Muffins Cocoa
Dinner.
Cream of Spinach Soup Beets
Beef Roll Mashed Potatoes French Dressing
Lettuce Indian Pudding Cheese
Wafers Coffee

Beef Roll.—Take one small round steak, chop together one pint of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of beef suet, a little parsley, season with little cloves, salt and pepper; chop all very fine, spread on the steak, roll it up and tie securely. Place in a stew pan with a cupful of cold stock, pieces of butter, salt and pepper. Simmer gradually one and one-half hours.

Indian Pudding.—This is baked in a regular bean pot, cooking slowly in the oven all day long, with the cover on. Heat one quart of fresh milk in a double boiler until the milk boils; drop slowly from the hand four tablespoonfuls of yellow cornmeal. Stir from five to ten minutes or longer, to make it perfectly smooth.

Add a cupful of molasses, and one tablespoonful of salt, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and stir thoroughly while on the stove. Remove from the stove and add one well-beaten egg; stir well, turn into a bean pot, and into the latter turn one pint of milk; do not stir. Bake all day. Serve warm with cream.

Odor of fish or onions can be removed from the frying pan if you put in vinegar and heat until scalding, then wash out the pan.



FEW OF US HEED DOCTOR'S WARNING

Nature Is Not Always Willing to Wait for Materialization of Our Business Plans.

By FRANCES SHAFER.

Four years ago a man in Kansas City, finding himself in a state of physical decline, asked his physician if there was any way of recovery. The physician looked him all over and told him that his only hope lay in abandoning his ordinary vocation and method of living, and tramping, day after day and month after month, resting at night under the stars.

He went home and talked it over with his wife, and they decided to follow the line of his only hope, she to go with him upon mile upon mile, in the earnest pursuit of health.

Set Aside Everything.
They set aside home, business, usual pursuits, comforts, and all and became voluntary nomads, tramping long distances, encountering all sorts of hardships, and meeting plenty of adventures on the way. They came to be known as the "Walking Wolfers," for not once did they fail in the quest, and not once were they ill as they covered the road. The last jaunt of about 6,000 miles was begun some time ago, and when November's leaves were falling the "Wolfers" returned, and the wife was all ready for its sleep of a year, they tramped back into town again, with a record of about 15,000 miles, all told.

But the mere matter of mileage was nothing; it was the marvelous way that counted. For when the physical wreck of four years ago exultantly returned from the long tramp, he bore the coveted stamp of health. And the "Walking Wolfers" felt repaid for all that it cost. Some days the sun had beat down upon them without any mercy, at other times sharp winds whipped the rain and the sleet into their faces, and many a time they covered the road when the road was all mud—but they were well. And so long as they live they will have at their command what Oliver Wendell Holmes called a "braven and homely growth" of happy reminiscences to lighten the dull and the tired spots along their life road.

But the best of all is that their one hope was turned into wonderful reality.

Very Hard to Obey.
And, reading the story of the "Walking Wolfers," the thought comes to mind that not many of us are ready to heed a physician's warning when it involves sacrifices, hardships, and a radical change in the mode of living. We say we cannot do that—anything else is better. And sometimes it really seems that there is no way of realizing the hope held out.

A long, long rest, with nothing at all to vex the mind or try the weakest point in our physical armor—isn't it easy for a physician to urge that, and isn't it hard to obey? Generally much more so in the case of the weak and the nervous, as in the mode of living. We say we cannot do that—anything else is better. And sometimes it really seems that there is no way of realizing the hope held out.

But alas for the hope! It is only the few who, at a word, can close the door on the world and all their busy affairs and run away where health is to be gathered.

But there is always a next-best or a near-best—often that there is no best at all.

Amazing Fact.
It is amazing, and more than that, to note the number of men and women, who, one by one, are dropping out long before they ought to drop out, nervous as it seems they should not be nervous, physically unstrong when it looks as if nature planned them to remain sound many years longer, and mentally disturbed when they should be at peace—victims of the wear and tear of life.

Through the experience of physicians, and others all over the world are saying, as earnestly as may be, that there should not be so much wear and tear, so much rushing about, and so pitifully little care of the human machinery. They warn that the very strain of the pounding noises on city streets, from the dawn of one day almost to the dawn of the next, unconsciously affects the nerves, even reaches the mind, and when the mind is disturbed and they grow tired and worn without realizing it.

But when these practical folk, who all the while are dealing with men and women in their broken-down, suddenly declare that life is made needlessly strenuous and crowded and that it is important, first of all, to safeguard bodies, minds, nerves—what pauses to heed them? And, until a break comes, and there is just one hope left?

When Single Hope Is Left.
Most of us know what stands between us and the perfect health we long for. Sometimes it is nothing but rest, rest for the eyes, the nerves, the whole body; and we say, wait a while, and we shall yield up a piece of health.

But we have abundant proof on every side that nature is not always willing to wait, and that while folk are delaying for business to prosper, for plans to materialize, for time to be quite ripe for a change, something happens to make action imperative. If, indeed, there is still time for action.

And then, well, when there is a single hope left, many methods will be made ready for its sake.

But it is dangerous, and may prove very costly, to wait, if we cannot follow the course we are advised to follow, there's the next-best or the nearest we can reach.

For health is worth pretty much.

Eggs a la Carmine.
Put a teaspoonful of oil or butter in a frying pan and when hot add a quarter pound finely shaved dried beef and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Toss lightly until the beef is slightly fried, then add one cupful sliced tomatoes, a few drops onion juice, salt and pepper to season and four eggs beaten light without separating. Stir and cook gently until of a creamy consistency and serve.

Alcove Library.
An alcove in a bedroom may be turned into a tiny library. Have a window seat under the window, which are hung with straight curtains. Spindles and twisted columns reaching to the ceiling are effective finishing for the ends of the bookshelves.

Edited by JULIA CHANDLER MARY.

DELICIOUS CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS TIME

Tested Recipes that Every Good Housekeeper Will Appreciate.

White Fruit Cake.
Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, a scant pound of flour, ten eggs, one nutmeg, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one pound of almonds; shell and blanch the almonds and cut very thin.

Cinnamon Stars.
One pound of sugar.
Beaten whites of eight eggs.
One tablespoon of cinnamon.
Stir for an hour. Then put six tablespoonfuls in a separate dish for frosting; to the remainder add one pound of grated unblanched almonds, mix well, roll out upon a malleable board strewn with flour and sugar (flour rolling pin), cut with star form, frost and bake on buttered tin.

Honey Cakes.
Three pounds honey.
One pound sugar.
One-half pound butter.
Put in a basin and set on the stove, stirring it all the while. When it commences to boil stir in flour until it does not stick to the basin. Stir in three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, nutmeg, two cents worth of anise, citron, juice and rind of a lemon, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, dissolved in a little brandy. Roll out, cut with cookie cutter, and roll in little balls or nut size. Bake in pretty hot oven.

Almond Drop Cakes.
Three cups of sifted pastry flour.
One and one-half rounded teaspoonfuls Calumet baking powder.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
Pinch of salt.
Three-fourths cup of sugar.
Three-fourths cup of blanched and chopped almonds.
Yolks of three eggs.
Two-thirds cup of melted butter.
Two-thirds cup of milk (scant).
Two eggs.

Sift flour once, then measure, add baking powder, cinnamon, and salt and sift three times, then put in the mixing bowl, add sugar, then eggs, butter, then milk and flour, beat all together thoroughly, drop in small spoonfuls on well oiled pan and bake in a medium oven until light brown.

German Stuffed Cookies.
Four eggs.
Two cups sugar.
Two cups butter.
One teaspoonful cream tartar.
Chopped raisins and walnuts.
One teaspoonful soda.
One-half cup milk (scant).
One teaspoonful vanilla, jelly.
Flour to roll.

Combine ingredients and roll out. Spread on one-half first layer of jelly; second one, chopped raisins, then one of chopped walnuts. Turn over half over the portion spread, pat or roll slightly and shape. Bake in a usual way.

Old-fashioned Spritzers.
Boil to a cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk and two tablespoonfuls of caraway or anise seed. Sift two cups of flour and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder together three times, then beat into the butter, sugar and milk mixture. If the batter is not as stiff as you can beat it, add a little flour. Dredge lightly with flour and roll out until almost as thin as a wafer. Cut into round or oblong cakes, sprinkle with seeds and bake.

CHIC TRIMMING FOR A MOURNING HAT
Late Millinery Importations Show Daisies Surrounding the Entire Brim.

Padded daisies make an extraordinarily chic trimming for the mourning hat, and some of the late millinery importations have shown them completely surrounding the brims. The petals are usually a little over an inch in length, and the centers are about twice as large as the natural center of the flower; they are made to imitate, from lusterless black crepe de chine cut ovals of the size and shape to make a daisy petal about a quarter of an inch wide and a little over an inch long.

At both ends the oval should be shaped to point to the center. The bottom of the petals is left open an eighth of an inch up, so that it may be turned inside out and the seams concealed in the inside. Then take a match stick and a bit of soft cotton and poke the cotton into the little petal bag with the end of the match stick.

Make it quite plump, and be sure that the cotton reaches clear to the point of the petal. Then sew the petal up at the bottom. Make a sufficient number of these, say about twelve, to go all around the little padded center. This center is made of a circle of the crepe de chine stuffed with cotton and then pressed down so that it does not look too ball-like. The edges of the crepe de chine circle are drawn down about the tiny ball of cotton and fastened with a few stitches on the under side. The petals are then stitched to the under side of the center.

Very little cotton is used to pad the lower ends of the petals, as this would make the center too bulky underneath when the petals are stitched to it. Some of these daisies are arranged so that slightly smaller petals are placed over and between the gaps left by the twelve larger petals about the padded center. This gives the effect of a double row of petals, which is even prettier than the single row. A Georgetown sailor with twelve or fifteen of these crepe de chine flowers lying flat on the short brim makes an exceedingly smart mourning hat.

This Simple Recipe Quickly Banishes Hairs
(Beauty Topics.)
Here is a simple and inexpensive recipe or formula which is used with excellent results by many beauty specialists for removing hairy growths on the face, neck, or arms: Mix a stiff paste with a little dalgona and water and spread on hairy surface for 2 or 3 minutes, then wash off with the skin and it will be entirely free from hair or blemish. Care should be exercised to get the dalgona in an original package, otherwise it may not be pure.

SHOP EARLY—THE MORNING HOURS ARE BEST.
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DRAMATIC OFFERING OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

"The Maid of Marchfield," an original musical comedy by the students of Georgetown University, will be presented as the first formal dramatic offering of the university, at the Columbia Theater, Friday afternoon, December 12. Rehearsals are already well advanced under the personal direction of Carman, a professional stage director for college teams. The book and lyrics are by Edward M. C. Donnelly, '14, the former in collaboration with Martin Brown, '15. The business department is in the capable hands of John G. Carter, '14, son of the late Senator from Montana, who is widely known and has many friends in this city.

A simple staining can be made by dissolving two ounces of permanganate of potash (bought in crystals) in a pint of boiling water. Make a soft mud of lemon and bind this to a stick. Apply the staining to the boards with this mud, being careful not to touch the hands with the preparation.

Two or more applications may be given, according to the depth of color desired, allowing twenty-four hours between each application. When the floor is quite dry rub it over with a piece of flannel dipped in linseed oil, and after this is thoroughly absorbed the final polish of beeswax and turps may be given.

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